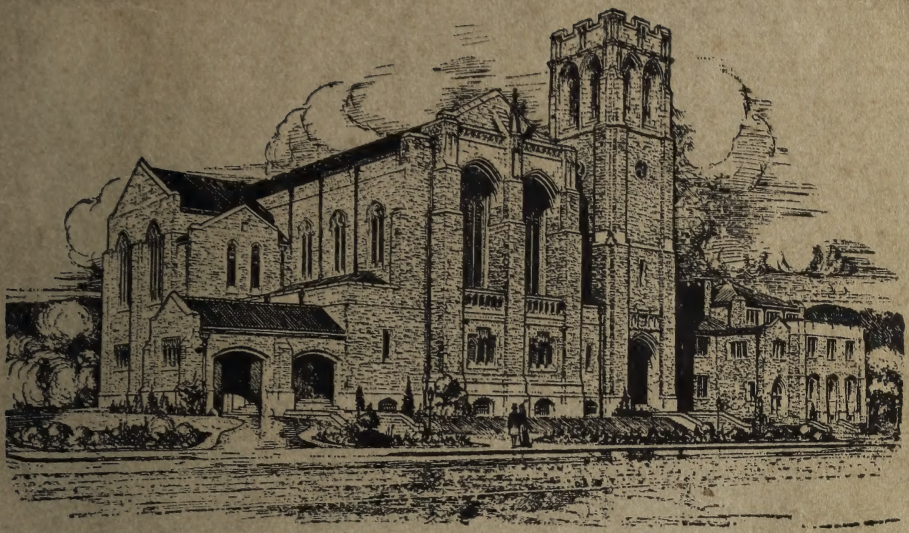

TIMOTHY EATON MEMORIAL CHURCH

TORONTO

# Memorial Services

FOR THE LATE

## SIR JOHN CRAIG EATON

## Sunday, April 9th, 1922

MORNING - 11 O'CLOCK

EVENING - 7 O'CLOCK

IN MEMORIAM

# SIR JOHN CRAIG EATON

APRIL 28TH, 1876

MARCH 30TH, 1922

INTERRED IN THE EATON MAUSOLEUM

MOUNT PLEASANT CEMETERY

APRIL 3RD, 1922

*"He made the lives of others brighter"*

# Morning Service

11 O'CLOCK

## Organ Prelude

**Invocation** - - - - REV. C. E. MANNING, D.D.

O God of our life, who didst bring life and immortality to light by the redeeming death and triumphant resurrection of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, mercifully assist us in this hour of worship and in this memorial service. Dispose the way of Thy servants toward the attainment of everlasting salvation, that among all the changes and chances of this mortal life we may ever be defended by Thy most gracious and ready help. Save us, O Lord, waking: guard us sleeping, that awake we may watch with Christ and asleep we may rest in peace, through Jesus Christ our crucified but ever living and loving Redeemer. Amen.

**Hymn 104** - "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" (*Tune*—Hollingside)

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

## Prayer - - - - REV. PROF. J. HUGH MICHAEL, M.A.

O God, our Holy Father, we come into Thy presence with subdued and reverent hearts, for in the passing of one whom we held in high regard and whose place we now feel to be so empty, Thou hast spoken to us of the frailty of our human life and the uncertainty of our human lot. May the sense of weakness and helplessness cause us to lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help.

Thou didst with a bounteous hand pour Thy favours upon our departed brother, and we praise Thee that amongst Thy gifts Thou didst include a tender, human heart that regarded all Thy other gifts to him as a trust from Thee. In Thy presence we would remind ourselves of his good deeds that thereby we may ourselves be stimulated to greater well-doing.

We give Thee thanks for the Sanctuary in which we are now assembled for Thy worship, built for Thy glory and to the memory of his father, and serving to remind us of his filial devotion which could not fail to be well-pleasing unto Thee. We praise Thee for his fidelity, in the guidance of the concern over which he presided, to the noble principles laid down by his father, for his personal interest in the welfare of all therein associated with him, for his earnest and constant solicitude for the suffering and the helpless, for his unrecorded acts of kindness no less than for his princely benefactions, for his generosity to places of useful and religious learning, for his gifts to hasten the progress of medical and surgical science, for his services to his country and the Empire in the dark days of war, for his munificence to those who from his employ went to the seat of conflict. We were heartened by the universal and unaffected tribute paid on the day of his burial to true kindness of heart and generosity of soul, and we recall his many deeds of love and service not to glorify man, but to bless Thee by whom they were inspired. Surely they are gone up for a memorial before Thee, for we remember the words of our Lord, how He said, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me. Now he rests from his labours and his works follow with him.

Gracious Father, we would also exercise before Thee the priesthood of intercession which is the holy privilege of all who love Thee in Christ Jesus. We commend to Thy fatherly care the home that has been darkened by this great sorrow, and the hearts that are torn by grief. Human sympathy, precious as it is, seems so unavailing, but we may bear up the sorrowing ones in our prayers before Thee whose sympathy is mighty to calm and to heal. Father of mercies, be merciful unto them. God of all comfort, do Thou comfort them in their affliction. May sorrow help to reveal to them the depths of Thy tenderness, and enable them the better to administer comfort to others through the comfort wherewith they themselves are comforted of God.

Be gracious, O Father, to our sister, the widow of our departed brother, united to him by the tenderest and divinest of all human ties and now bereft of his solace and support: to the children who have lost a fond and loving father: to the aged mother, so sorely afflicted in the eventide of her life: and to every member of the bereaved family. May they all be conscious of Thy healing presence, for when sorrow comes from Thee, Thou dost Thyself come with it. According to Thy riches in glory in Christ Jesus do Thou fulfil their every need. With Thine own healing hand bind up their broken hearts. Pour the oil and wine of Thy Divine compassion on their wounds. Enfold them in the arms of Thy love.

And now, O Lord, we pray that we may all heed Thy warning voice. May the thought of the brevity of life lead us to put our best into each moment, and may the thought of its frailty lead us to seek in Thee our refuge and our strength. Breathe Thy blessing upon us as we wait upon Thee; forgive us our sins, and lift upon us the light of Thy countenance; through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

LORD'S PRAYER

## Choir—Hymn 575

"Now the Labourer's task is o'er" (*Tune*—Requiescat)

NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

There the Shepherd bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

There the penitents who turn,
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust,
For the resurrection day.

## Responsive Reading - - - REV. JOSEPH ODERY, D.D.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.*

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.*

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

*For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a rock.*

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

*As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.*

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

*But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children;*

They that fear the Lord will seek His good pleasure, and will humble their souls in His sight, saying, we will fall into the hands of the Lord and not into the hands of men: for as His majesty is, so also is His mercy.

*Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am.*

By terrible things in righteousness wilt Thou answer us, O God of our salvation; Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are far off upon the sea.

*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.*

Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.*

Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee.

*It is good for man that he should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.*

Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.

*The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*

For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain.

Gloria.

**Solo**—"God shall wipe away all tears" - MRS. EILEEN MILLET LOW
(From "The Light of the World."—*Sullivan.*)

The Lord is risen. He will dwell with men and they shall be His people.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away.

Behold, I shall make all things new, saith the Lord.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.

## Offertory

In memory of Sir John C. Eaton, who loved and helped needy children, the entire offertory will be given to aid in relieving the starving children of Russia.
*"By him much was done."*

**Hymn 105** - - "Rock of Ages" - - (*Tune*—Ajalon)

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

**Address** - - - - - - REV. C. A. WILLIAMS

**Hymn 578** - - "Peace, Perfect Peace" (*Tune*—Pax Tecum)

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Amen.

While the congregation remains standing, Sir John C. Eaton's favorite Harp selection—"Minuet by Hasselmans"—will be rendered by MR. J. QUINTILE.

## Benediction

Thou knowest, Lord, the secret of our hearts, shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayers; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not in life or in death, in time or in eternity, to fall from Thee.

Now unto the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only wise God, the God of love that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

**Organ Postlude** Funeral March from Sonata Op. 26 (*Beethoven*)

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# Evening Service

7 O'CLOCK

**Organ Prelude**

**Choir** - - "Sunset and Evening Star" - (Unaccompanied)

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

**Invocation** - - - - - REV. JOSEPH ODERY, D.D.

In the communion of all saints, the redeemed of all ages, and our blessed dead who dwell at home in Thee, in fellowship of Thy whole family in earth and heaven, we render thanksgiving and glory unto the Lord, our God, through Jesus Christ, our Saviour, beseeching Thee to grant us with all the faithful, rest and peace. Amen.

## Hymn 47 - "O God, our help in ages past" (*Tune*—St. Ann)

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

## Prayer - - - - - - REV. C. A. WILLIAMS

Faithful Creator, most merciful Saviour, and Lord of all souls, before Whom stand the spirits of the living and the dead, we Thy children whose mortal life is but a span, give thanks to Thee, the Eternal Father, for all those through whom Thou hast blessed us in our earthly pilgrimage.

For all who labored for freedom, justice, and brotherhood, consecrating their powers to noble service and shaping life to larger ends that Thy Kingdom might come and Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven, thanks be to Thee, O Lord.

Sanctify the ties that bind us to the unseen, that we may hold the dead in continued remembrance, that the blessing of their fidelity and fortitude may rest upon us, that with cleansed hearts and strengthened wills we may walk with humble steps the way that leadeth unto Life. Amen.

To Thee, the everlasting Father, before Whom stand the spirits of the living and the dead, we offer heartfelt thanks for all fair and noble memories, for all who have witnessed a good confession for the faith, for all who have laid down life for their friends, for all the unknown dead whose forgotten labors have made earth better for their presence: humbly beseeching Thee that we may live worthily as becometh those who are bought with a great price, that being sanctified by their influence through all our earthly days, we may greet them in the land of the living with faces unashamed and souls exultant in the God of our salvation, by the grace and mercy of the Lord and Giver of Life. Amen.

O God, our Strength and our Redeemer, Giver of Life, and Conqueror of Death, we worship Thee in this hour with humbled hearts. In faith of Thy perfect mercy and wisdom, we commit our brother to Thy Holy keeping. Almighty and most merciful Father, Who art leading us through the changes of time to the rest and the blessedness of eternity,

Who art the comfort of the sorrowful and the strength of them that are cast down, graciously hear our prayers for all darkened homes and for all broken hearts, especially for the loved ones of our departed friend, that they may find Thy tender mercies with them, and Thy grace all-sufficient according to their necessities, that their tears may be wiped away, that they may have grace to bless and hallow Thy name. And when the peace of death falls upon our troubled lives, may we find in Thy great mercy, the perfect and unending rest of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

LORD'S PRAYER

**Anthem** - - "Ye Who Now Sorrow" - - *Brahms*

Ye who now sorrow, ye who mourn, hear ye, for I again will see you and fill your hearts with rejoicing, and no man taketh your joy from you.

So I will comfort you, e'en as a mother's love doth comfort.

Now behold me, for but a little while sorrow and travail were mine, and I have gotten unto me much rest.

**Scripture Lesson** - - - - REV. C. A. WILLIAMS

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

I am the Light of the World, he that followeth Me shall not walk in the darkness but shall have the light of life.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live we live unto the Lord, and whether we die we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died; and their departure was accounted to be their hurt, and their journeying away from us to be their ruin; but they are in peace.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring glory and honour of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

## Offertory

In memory of Sir John C. Eaton, who loved and helped needy children, the entire offertory will be given to aid in relieving the starving children of Russia.
*"By him much was done."*

**Address** - - - SIR ROBERT FALCONER, K.C.M.G., D.C.L.

**Hymn 570** - "When our heads are bowed" - (*Tune*—Redhead)

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

**Address** - - - - - Rt. HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN, P.C.

**Hymn 237** - - "Abide with me" - (*Tune*—Eventide)

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

While the congregation remains standing, Sir John C. Eaton's favorite Harp selection—**"Minuet by Hasselmans"**—will be rendered by MR. J. QUINTILE.

**Benediction** - - - - - REV. C. A. WILLIAMS

O Lord, support us all the day long of this brief, uncertain life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and our work is done. Then Lord, in Thy mercy, grant us holy rest and eternal peace. Lead us through death's silent shadowed valley to the Father's home and to the Father's heart. And now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

**Organ Postlude** - "Funeral March" - - - *Chopin*

Both Lady Eaton and Mrs. Timothy Eaton have expressed the wish that our services to-day in loving and respectful memory of our beloved and honoured and universally lamented friend and brother, Sir John Craig Eaton, should be very simple and seemly, and altogether free from anything and everything in the nature of flattery. That wish, every member of this church and congregation most sincerely desires to honour.

But, my friends, Sir John Eaton's interests were so wide; his heart was so warm and kind and human; his patriotism was so genuine and so generous; his philanthropies were so varied and so munificent; his services to Toronto and to Canada, to the Empire and to humanity were so signal and so splendid; he was so daring and progressive a leader in the stormy world of commerce and industry; he was so just and considerate as an employer; he was so fine and true a gentleman; so whole-souled and broad-gauge, so loved and lovable a man, that it is almost impossible to pay anything like a worthy and fitting tribute to his illustrious memory without seeming to indulge in unbecoming flattery and nauseous hyperbole.

At our service this evening, that cultured scholar, Sir Robert Falconer, President of Toronto University, and the Right Honourable Arthur Meighen, a recent Prime Minister of our Dominion, one of Canada's most brilliant and eminent statesmen, will no doubt refer to the more public side of our friend's short life and honourable career. I therefore feel it my difficult and delicate task this morning to tread reverently upon ground that is very sacred, and to portray, as best I can, the more intimate and the more personal side of our departed friend's winsome character and magnetic personality. The honour of such a task is as exalting as its responsibility is humbling.

## A TRUE AND LOYAL FRIEND

Personally, I feel very deeply and very sincerely that in the passing of Sir John Craig Eaton, filial son, devoted husband, affectionate father, patriot, philanthropist, and merchant prince, I have lost a true and loyal friend: a friend whom I could always count upon, a friend from whom counsel and help and sympathy were never sought in vain.

It is not the least exaggeration to say that in every walk of our Canadian life, there are literally and actually thousands of every class and creed who feel just as I do, and that is my first tribute to his memory.

Sir John had a wonderful capacity for friendship; he had a rare genius for making friends and what is even still more rare, a real genius for keeping friends. I have never known a man so warm in his affections, so generous in his impulses, so steel true in his loyalty to those who were fortunate enough to win his friendship and to enjoy his confidence.

On the ill-omened Monday, when the grave news of his serious illness was first given to the public, among many others, two of his three hundred and fifty delivery men stopped me on the street. They asked me if I

thought there was any hope. I had to tell them that all hope had been abandoned. "Well," said one of the men, "if that is true, the working people of Toronto have lost the best friend they ever had." "You see," he said, "we never felt towards Sir John as workmen usually feel towards an employer; he was not our 'boss,' he was not our master, he was just our friend." "Yes," said the driver, "Sir John was all man, he was a real pal. I would give my right hand or my right eye to save him, and I know thousands who would do the same." John Craig Eaton was a wonderful friend—he had troops of friends, and if the love and the longing and the prayers of his City and his Province and his Country could save him, he would be alive and well to-day.

## A FINE SPORTSMAN

Sir John Craig Eaton was a fine sportsman. He was a lover of God's out-of-doors. In every manly and healthy form of amusement and recreation, he had a friendly interest, and in more than one branch of athletics he was a proficient performer. In the fishing and the shooting seasons he enjoyed roughing it "in the bush" with a few congenial friends, as thoroughly as any follower of Isaac Walton or any devotee of chaste Diana.

In the golden June of 1918, when I was pastor designate of Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, I spent a hurried but glorious and never-to-be-forgotten week on Cain's River and the Miramichi in the Province of New Brunswick. One night, after the tents were pitched and the camp fire was kindled, after the dishes were washed and a good smudge was smoking, we lay, tired and content, listening to the vespers of the robins, to the cry of the whippoorwill and to the distant diapason of Burnt Hill Rapids. The conversation took a turn, as we lay there beneath the shining stars, from sport to sportsmen and from fishing to fishers, and that night the guides—who, believe me, are no mean judges of human character—gave us their impressions and reminiscences of the many famous men from many lands who, during the last quarter of a century, have fished those lovely and far-famed streams. "Did you chaps ever hear of Sir John Eaton?" said I, drawing a bow at a venture. "You bet we did," said George Allen, the chief of the guides, "he and Lady Eaton were down here last summer, and I want to tell you, men," he said—and I can see George now, as he stood there in the smoke of the camp fire—"I want to tell you that that man was the finest sport I ever poled down a stream." "Well, George," said I, "you thought he was all right, did you?" "Yes," said he, "we thought he was a prince." "Well," said I, "I am going to be his pastor in a few months"; and from that on, the parson's stock went up a hundred per cent. with George and Tom and Ken.

Of later years, especially, Sir John found his chief pleasure in giving pleasures to others. He was never so happy, I think, as when he was sitting at the wheel—and, my, how he could handle that wheel—of the "Yellow Bird" or "Yellow Bird the Second," motoring some convalescing friend out to Oakville "to see Mother," and to have lunch or dinner at lovely "Raymar."

He simply delighted to visit humble homes where folk whom he knew were old or ill or poor, and week after week he sent his cars to take them for a drive. His unheralded and unrecorded acts of kindness and deeds of mercy are known only to that Divine Friend and Lover and Saviour and Judge of man, who in one of His most solemn utterances, declared, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

But his chiefest joy of all was to gather from our soldiers' hospitals, those brave and gallant men who are still paying in their crippled and torn and suffering bodies the price of that God-given victory whose spoils and blessing we all enjoy, and with the gracious help of Lady Eaton and the big men of the Eaton organization, to royally entertain them in the finest manner that lavish hospitality could prompt and kindly ingenuity suggest.

The Dominion and the Empire ought to keep the name of John Craig Eaton forever green, if for no other reason than because of what he did, with generous heart and open hand, for the fighting men of Canada, for their homes and for their loved ones, both during the war and since the war. His strong Canadianism, his patriotism to Britain, his love and his respect for the soldiers of Canada, cost him millions of dollars, but never was money more wisely spent or more ungrudgingly given.

## ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.

Sir John Craig Eaton was one of nature's gentlemen; he was a gentleman by birth and by instinct. As Canon Cody said in his comprehensive address at the funeral service, "he had a naturally Christian heart." What struck me most about the gentlemanliness of Sir John was that he was as gentlemanly and polite to a chauffeur or a stableman, to a waitress or a parcel girl or an errand boy, as to the Prince of Wales or to the Governor General. Side and snobbery, vulgar show and false pride he detested and abhorred. For the sycophant and the flunkey and the flatterer he had no use.

Life piled riches and honours and titles and pomp and circumstance upon Sir John Eaton, but they never spoiled him. When he was the famous and titled Head of the great Institution, handed down from his father and his mother—he was the same Jack Eaton as when he was a boy running around the rapidly expanding store, or when he was an eager youth, learning the business. When his name and his fame had spread all over a continent and an empire, he still had a glad and kindly hand, a genial smile and a friendly word for his humblest employee. It was nothing less than amazing how many of his privates and sergeants were known by name to this captain of industry. In time of sorrow or sickness or trouble, whether the sufferer was a director or a manager or a salesgirl or a window cleaner or a watchman, he was always eager to help and ready to sympathize. In my judgment his spirit, his policy, his generosity, his attitude toward and his treatment of labour was the strongest anti-Red and anti-Bolshevik force

and influence in this Dominion, during ten of the most perilous and fateful and formative years of its history.

One day last week, a very distinguished and well-known Canadian officer who served with much distinction in France and Flanders told me a somewhat amusing but altogether typical incident of our friend's career. I pass it on to you this morning, friends, simply because it so clearly reveals the kind of a man Sir John Eaton was.

One summer morning in the third year of the war, a very raw and very young subaltern who had recently arrived from a small town in rural Ontario to join a battalion that was soon to sail for England, was walking across the Exhibition Camp when a big, powerful auto suddenly drew up beside him. A Colonel in uniform stepped out of the car, saluted the second lieutenant and asked him if he would be so kind as to tell him where General Logie would most likely be found. The astonished lieutenant gave the information as best he could; but the Colonel remained to talk about the lad's home and his family, to congratulate him on the manly thing he had done, in offering voluntarily his life to his King and his country. He then shook hands, wished him good luck, again saluted and disappeared in a cloud of dust. Just then my friend arrived upon the scene to find the young subaltern in a sort of open-mouthed bewilderment, looking as if he had just wakened from a very strange and beautiful dream. "Cheerio," said my friend, "how goes it?" "Well, sir," said the youth, "I have just had one of the most astonishing experiences of my young life." "And what was the experience?" said the senior officer. "Well, sir," said the boy, "a Colonel in full uniform rushed up here in a big swell car, he got out of the car, he saluted me before I could salute him, he called me 'sir'; he was looking for the General. He spoke to me as if he had been the dearest friend my father ever had and he made me feel as if I was Kitchener or Joffre. That is the first time," said the second lieutenant, "that any Colonel has treated me like that and I guess the last." The older man said to him, "Oh, but, my dear fellow, do you mean to tell me you don't know who that Colonel was?" "No," said he, "I never saw him in my life before." "Why," he said, "my dear chap, that was Jack Eaton." Yes, that was "Jack Eaton." Not even an honorary colonelcy and a brass hat and full regimentals could make Sir John one little bit snobbish and insolent or arrogant and overbearing. He was one of nature's gentlemen.

On the day of the funeral, one of the Chiefs of the Toronto Police related a most interesting story about Sir John—quite unsought,—"One very warm mid-summer day he and Sir John were standing talking at the corner of Queen and Yonge when an old and feeble woman came along with a basket of miscellaneous merchandise. "Say, Chief," said Sir John, "here comes one of my rivals and competitors. Good morning, mother," said he to the old woman, doffing his hat. "Good morning kindly, sir," said the old lady, with the soft brogue of southern Ireland, "will you buy anything, sir?" "Yes," said Sir John, "I will buy two pencils." "And

will you buy anything else, sir?" "Yes, sure! I will buy a dozen laces." "And will you buy anything else, sir?" "Yes," said Sir John, "I will buy two hundred gross of buttons." "Two hundred gross of buttons," said the old woman, "how many is that, sir?" Then Sir John put his hand into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills,—the Police Chief told me it was a pretty substantial roll—and he said to the old Irish woman, "Mother, I have no further need of these, I am quite finished with them, would you mind very much accepting them from me? You need them more than I do." He put the bills into the basket of miscellaneous merchandise and then, before the old lady could protest or even thank him, doffing his hat again, Sir John was gone. That was Jack Eaton. No wonder that he was loved and respected in life. No wonder that in death the citizens of this fair and spacious city, without distinction of class or creed or race, paid him the most sincere and striking tribute that has ever yet been paid to any Canadian.

## A FILIAL SON, A LOVING HUSBAND, A DEVOTED FATHER

My final testimony to Sir John Craig Eaton is related to the sanctities of home and to those close and tender ties and bonds of family life and affection that, after all, are the most severe and the most real test of any man's character and manhood. Sir John was a filial son, a loving husband, a devoted father. There were many things about him that we all admired, but there was nothing about Sir John Eaton that I personally admired so much as his beautiful and exemplary devotion and his lover-like gallantry to that gracious lady, his mother. During Sir John's regime and control, no important step was taken in the business without first considering, "What would father say," "What would father do if he were here."

When that very remarkable man, Mr. Timothy Eaton, lay upon his death bed, when that Irish boy, born in the shadows of sacred Slemish, who was destined to revolutionize the commercial life of this young country and to lay the foundations of one of the largest and most successful mercantile concerns in the world to-day, was coming near the end, he called his youngest son to his side. "Jack," said the dying man, "Jack." "Yes, sir." "Jack, take care of mother; will you do that for me, Jack? Take care of mother." "Yes, father, I will." Never was a promise more faithfully kept. Never was a trust more honourably administered: from that day to the day he died, Sir John "took care of mother." May God grant that in the declining years of her long and useful life, Sir John's mother may have love and light and peace and hope until the shadows flee away and partings are no more. Sir John was a filial son, he was a loving husband and a devoted father.

Upon Lady Eaton and upon their splendid boys, Timothy and John David, Edgar and Gilbert, he lavished all his love, and surely no baby was ever more eagerly welcomed into the world and more proudly loved than was little Florence Mary, their only daughter, who so early in her life has been sadly bereft of a devoted father.

I am very sure, friends, that the sympathy and the prayers of this church and congregation, of our city and of our country, go out in a very special manner to Lady Eaton in the tremendous responsibility that now falls upon her. Surely the biggest task and the heaviest burden that any Canadian woman has ever yet been called upon to assume and to bear. May a double portion of wisdom and strength and courage be given to her and may the comforts of God and the consolations of Christ comfort, console and sustain her in her widowhood and all her loved ones.

To Lady Eaton and her family, to the directors, leaders and chiefs of that vast concern that bears the Eaton name—a name that Sir John once said there wasn't money enough in the world to buy—a great heritage has been bequeathed and high traditions have been handed down. From Mr. Timothy Eaton, the founder of the firm, they received traditions of industry and efficiency, of sterling honesty and uncompromising rectitude and integrity and of genuine service to the buying public. From Sir John they receive traditions of kindness and considerateness, of public spirited philanthropy, of ungrudging generosity and of not only just and fair but generous, soulful dealings with over twenty thousand employees. May God help our friends to keep faith with the dead, to guard their trust so wisely and so well that they shall hand it on untarnished and unimpaired, and to be as unfalteringly loyal to the traditions of the past as their fallen friend and leader always was. And when at last the peace of death falls upon our troubled life, then please God,

When life's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are all twisted and dried;
When the oldest scholar has faded,
And the youngest critic has died;
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it,
Lie down for an aeon or two:
And the Master of all good workmen,
Shall set us to work anew.

And they that were good shall be happy,
They shall sit in a golden chair:
They shall splash at a ten-leagued canvas,
With brushes of comet's hair.
They shall find real saints to paint from,
Magdalene, Peter and Paul.
They shall work for an age at a sitting
And never grow tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame:
And no one shall work for money;
And no one shall work for fame:
But each for the joy of the service,
And each in his separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are.

The funeral of Sir John Eaton, last Monday, was one of the most impressive events in the history of the City of Toronto. Within the last twenty years no one has been carried to his burial amidst a more widespread expression of regret, and in my opinion, there is no one living in the city of Toronto to-day who would or will, at his death, receive the same expression of affection as was tendered to the memory of Sir John last Monday. Crowds from every walk in life thronged these streets. They stood reverently and waited patiently for hours till the cortege came, and they bowed in sorrow as his body passed. This was not due to idle curiosity, but was the expression of a very strong desire to give some outward manifestation to their regard for the man who had gone. And yet, when you think of it, it was a very remarkable expression, because, if I am not mistaken, Sir John was not a man who was known personally to large numbers of the community. I have rarely seen him on a platform at a public meeting, I have never heard him speak in public, I have never read a letter that he wrote to a newspaper, and I have never had any indication to lead me to suppose that he used the newspapers in any way for the furtherance of his own personal opinions. As I think of him, he stands before my mind as a modest and retiring man, nowhere so happy as in the bosom of his own family, among his own children, with his wife, or listening to exquisite music which sometimes he himself played. And yet this modest, retiring man was accorded a public funeral such as no professedly public man has hitherto, I think, received. That means that the old truth is again affirmed in our experience, that actions speak louder than words.

I am not, however, going to say that the spoken word is not very powerful. The idea, as it finds utterance for good or for evil, has, of course, immensely beneficial or disastrous results, but the power of the word depends upon the character of the speaker; the more he is known, the more powerful does the word become in the one direction or the other. That again only shows the truth of what I have said, that behind our life as it is seen, there always lies the residing power of the person.

Of course, the fact that Sir John was head of the Eaton Company was of great importance in giving him such a popularity as he had in this city, but on the other hand, that very fact shows, in a sense, the greatness of the man. This company is one of the most magnificently organized companies in the whole Dominion, and I suppose shares with the Canadian Pacific Railway in prestige of successful organization; but what, think you, is the attitude of the average man and woman to the person who sits at the centre of things and who directs huge organizations and great business concerns? He knows that there must be efficiency, he knows that there must be ability, he knows that there must be power; but the average man and the average woman rather shrinks from power, rather draws back from the efficient person, because ordinary people are so full of failings, they make so many

mistakes and they dread the precise routine which measures out success to any great organization. They think of the man who sits in the heart of things as being so much beyond the average and so above the commonplace, that instead of loving him, they wonder who this being of power is, enshrined and unknown within.

But here was a man, sitting in the centre of things, who had the power over a great business, and yet he awakened not the alarm and the criticism of the multitude, but drew to himself the affection of commonplace men and women all over this city and all over this country. And he did that by no demagogic efforts. As I said, he was unknown by sight to a great many, or his voice at least had not been heard. How came it, then? Because they believed that behind there was a man who was so thoroughly human that he was like them and could understand them, and the very fact that his business was so vast only multipled the effect of this belief, for the business itself spoke out this human power, it embodied it; and not only his business but all his philanthropies, the things that he aided, the relief that he gave to suffering men and women. There was one consenting voice from business and philanthropy, speaking in kindly tones from the man who sat there directing affairs in this community. Even greater becomes the impression of his character when you bear in mind that when Sir John died he was only forty-five years of age. Now, if decade after decade a man of goodwill had been doing good to the community, if for two generations he had been gathering power in a business well directed for the common good, one could easily understand that through all this accumulation, in his full age he might be borne to his burial amid the regrets of multitudes, like as a shock of wheat cometh in its season. The yield of compound interest, after many years, is great. But it was not so with Sir John; he was forty-five when he died and his great work has been already acknowledged.

This again leads to another thought. What moves the world most powerfully is not knowledge, not reason, but our affection, our instinct. We get deep down into human life when we touch emotion and character. We get deep down into Christianity, also, because Christianity begins there. You may remember that in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the Apostle says, "Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away; for we know in part and we prophesy in part. . . . . But now abideth faith, hope, love . . . . the greatest of these is love."

Knowledge—how it does pass away, so that a generation after this, what we know to-day will seem to be inadequate and antiquated; our prophecies, how they fail, and those who come after us will look back and wonder that we were so much amiss in what we said would come to pass. But they will not misread the love that was in our hearts; they will not think that the kindnesses that were done in the world in which we lived and in our generation were things that can be forgotten. Nor will all that is gathered up in our loving emotions be antiquated; not at all—Love never

faileth and the record of it passeth on. Jesus also sanctioned this truth when He spoke of the surprise of the man who was recognized at the Judgment for his good deeds. He said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, even the least, ye have done it unto Me." It is the profound kindness and love of the human heart that really are the image in us of the Father in heaven Himself. And a man or a woman is great according to the proportion of those kindly instincts and generous purposes that have prompted his or her actions. Those common things are the great things that we need, and the greatness of Sir John Eaton consisted in the large endowment that he had of these ordinary common virtues that plain men and women understand.

It is the time of Spring now, and as the heat of the sun penetrates into the ground and the genial airs move across it, flowers blossom all over our greening earth, but here and there in larger groups there will be violets and other flowers in masses, gathered together. So the virtues of human life spring up under the genial influence of the Divine Spirit. Here and there in human lives, virtues appear, singly or in larger groups, and men stop to look at and to take pleasure in the flowers of virtue where they have been abundant. Sir John Eaton's was one such life in which the common, ordinary endowments of humanity were so manifest that they made him rich, and, in memory, he stands before this community to-day as one of its great men, because he possessed in such large measure those graces and that kindness that endeared him to his fellow man. He was the kind of man that other men loved and he loved other men and little children. Because he loved so much, he is loved and his memory will remain.

I have been honoured by admission to the number of those gathered here to pay tribute to the memory of an eminent Canadian. Those have spoken on other occasions and as well here to-night who knew Sir John Eaton longer and who were near him more continuously than I, some perhaps who knew him more intimately, but none who prized more highly his friendship or who valued more dearly his big and vastly useful life. I count myself with profound sincerity among those who mourn his death.

How much there is to mourn! How varied and how poignant are the severances that break upon us with the passing of a strong, moving human force! Sir John Eaton has passed, not from one sphere alone but from many. He has gone from our Dominion, whose industrial structure he did so much to build; he has gone from this city, the place of his birth and of his triumphs; from the wide sweeping circle of his friends; from his home, within whose portals he was at his happiest and best.

Into the anguish of family grief none of us can penetrate; the sundering of household ties, the last sad farewell of a proud, devoted mother, the unutterable loneliness of a brave and tender wife, the tears of those splendid children in whose eyes you can read the whole story of filial love and pride —these are precincts where we may not enter.

But Toronto mourns her famous son. His name will be written in her history and on the hearts of her people for generations. For Sir John Eaton really reached the people. He reached them in his social relations, easily and naturally, because everyone knew at first contact with the man that he was one of the people and he had access to every heart. He reached them in his business relations, hundreds of thousands of them, and he contrived, not with ostentation, not merely in profession but in practice, not merely fitfully but consistently, he contrived in such relations to unite those stern principles of competitive industry without which all business must fail, and the kindly grasp of human brotherliness without which all life must fail. He reached them as well in his philanthropic endeavours, not so much by their abundance, though his benevolence was lavish, but by reason of the popular, understandable character of his bounties and by reason of the belief of all that behind them was a genuine human spirit. His desire was to help and help quietly where help was needed most. It may be doubted whether Toronto has ever produced a citizen who bore with so great distinction, the double laurel of business success and of popular esteem.

But it is perhaps more fitting that I should speak of his loss as felt by the whole country. The number of those who rise to the stature of being even perceptible figures in the composition of a nation is not great; the number of those who become what one might call marked or essential figures, that number is smaller still. But of those, Sir John Eaton doubtless was one. The gap he has left behind some one must fill or some body of

men must fill. The heavier the load a man carries through life the more is he missed when he lays his burden down.

It is well that such men should be honoured—that their services be acknowledged, their example commended and their memory kept alive. It is for the good of the whole country that this be so. Democracies have been too prone to build their monuments only upon the graves of those who have been described as public men; that is, of men who took a prominent part in public life. But founders and captains of great enterprises, they too are public men in the sense that they serve the whole nation. They serve the whole nation by spreading and enlarging the area of employment and of industry, by opening the doors of opportunity and thus contributing to happiness, by multiplying the homes of busy men and women and spreading wider and ever wider the circles of comfort and of culture. It is the nation that possesses such men that keeps abreast with the advancing tide of world affairs. It is true that a leader in business life must subscribe to the inexorable laws of business. He must attain financial success if he is to grow, if indeed he is to survive, and consequently he may appear to make financial success his goal. Thus it is that often the business man is regarded not as in any sense a public man,but as an acquisitive or even a selfish man. But even the acquisitive or selfish man, if he breaks new ground, if he evolves improvements and better ways of getting the world's work done, if he really does things, such a man, though acquisitive and selfish, is a living asset to the state. The greater the number we have of them, the better for us all.

But Sir John Eaton was a better and bigger man than that type. He had the courage, the vision, the capacity for achievement, but he had also the spirit of a trustee. He wanted his undertakings to prosper and he concentrated himself that they might prosper, but he wanted the prosperity of his undertakings to be reflected in the advantage of his fellow men, not merely to be purveyors of profit to himself, and he devoted his talents and ability to see that they did so redound.

The masses of people will insist more and more as years go by, as productive activities multiply, as the rewards of enterprise enlarge, they will insist more and more that a sense of trusteeship pervade the control of great wealth. I do not mean that those who by legitimate industry acquire wealth will be compelled to disgorge it under threat of confiscation; not at all. I mean that society will more and more insist that wealth be used in productive enterprises, in necessary services contributing to the general good, in charity or philanthropy. It is, of course, essential for the stability of industry that individual initiative and enterprise be allowed its reward of wealth, if wealth it can make, and be allowed to enjoy that reward, but it is just as essential for the stability of wealth that its enjoyment be accompanied by a spirit of trusteeship, by a sense of obligation to those who need rather than by an ambition to surfeit those who do not need at all.

It is well, therefore, that we honour men who have felt that sense of obligation, who have discharged it in practical and honourable ways. It

is well that we do so,because by so doing we put the seal of public approbation upon that character of life, and we hold forth to others who may act likewise, the same mede of praise. After all, the goodwill of one's fellows and a good name to posterity are things very dear to the hearts of men.

This is not the place to measure the value of new systems of distribution, in which field Sir John devoted most of his gifts and attainments, nor to discuss the public advantage of large units of industry. Suffice to say that most reflecting people of the world know that both are inevitable and that both are good. It cannot, anyway, be doubted that in our mercantile development, in our manufacturing expansion, Sir John Eaton has been one of the foremost of our country. His hand has been at the helm of many ventures, all designed toward improvement and progress, and most of them, if not all, crowned with success. He stood loyally by his undertakings, but while standing firmly and devotedly by them, he was able, at the same time, to live for others. His heart was big and his heart spoke and acted, it spoke the words of a lover of his kind, it acted the part of a benefactor of his race.

He had not eloquence, he had not profound scholarship, he had not some of the accomplishments that many good men prize, but he was an able citizen, a tremendously useful citizen, a strong, marching, leading, achieving citizen, and most of all, he was a man. He was a man in the virility of his outlook; he was a man in the boldness of his conceptions, in the sturdy masculinity of his career, in the intense humanity of his life; he was a man in the brave, resolute and almost victorious battle that he gave at last to the monster, death.

Standing now in the shadow of his memory, a shadow that spreads over all our country and that here where he lived will linger long, standing in that shadow, we honour him for what he was and for what he did, we share in part and we would assuage if we could the grief of those who were one with him in home and hearth and blood, we commend to the young, the ardent, the aspiring of our country, the example of his courage and his energy, his breadth of sympathy, his love of country, his wholesome devotion to his own appointed task and the abounding unselfishness with which he turned the fruits of that devotion to the good of others.